

15 Words 15c Farmer Classified Ads Phone 1208



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(Continued.)

He talked about the "German menace," and said it was a Tory invention to cheat the poor of their rights and keep back the great flood of social reform, but that "organized labor" realized this and laughed the Tories to scorn. He was all for reducing our navy as a proof of our good faith and then sending Germany an ultimatum demanding that she should do the same.

He said that but for the Tories Germany and Britain would be fellow workers in peace and reform. I thought of the little black book in my pocket!

Yet in a queer way I liked the speech. You could see the niceness of the chap shining out behind the nonsense with which he had been spooned; also it took a load off my mind. I mightn't be much of an orator, but I was 1,000 per cent better than Sir Harry.

I didn't get on so badly when it came to my turn. I simply told them all I could remember about Australia, praying there should be no Australian there—all about its labor party and emigration and universal service.

I doubt if I remembered to mention free trade, but I said there were no

Tories in Australia, only Labor and Liberals. That fetched a cheer, and I woke them up a bit when I started in to tell them the kind of glorious business I thought could be made out of the empire if we really put our backs into it.

Altogether I fancy I was rather a success. The minister didn't like me, though, and when he proposed a vote of thanks spoke of Sir Harry's speech as "statesmanlike" and mine as having the "eloquence of an official emigration agent."

When we were in the car again my host was in wild spirits at having got his job over. "A ripping speech, Twisden," he said. "Now, you're coming home with me. I'm all alone, and if you'll stop a day or two I'll show you some very decent fishing."

We had a hot supper, and I wanted it pretty badly, and then drank grog in a big, cheery smoking room with a crackling wood fire. I thought the time had come for me to put my cards on the table. I saw by this man's eye that he was the kind you can trust.

"Listen, Sir Harry," I said. "I've something pretty important to say to you. You're a good fellow and I'm going to be frank. Where on earth did you get that poisonous rubbish you talked tonight?"

His face fell. "Was it as bad as that?" he asked ruefully. "It did sound rather thin. I got most of it out of the Liberal Magazine and pamphlets that agent chap of mine keeps sending me. But you surely don't think Germany would ever go to war with us?"

"Ask that question in six weeks and it won't need an answer," I said. "If you'll give me your attention for half an hour I am going to tell you a story."

I can see yet that bright room with the deer's heads and the old prints on the walls, Sir Harry standing restlessly on the stone curb of the hearth and myself lying back in an armchair speaking. I seemed to be another person, standing aside and listening to my own voice and judging carefully the reliability of my tale.

It was the first time I had ever told any one the exact truth, so far as I understood it, and it did me no end of good, for it lightened out the thing in my own mind.

I blinked no detail. He heard all about Scudder and the milkman and the notebook and my doings in Gallo-way. Presently he got very excited and walked up and down the hearth rug.

"So, you see," I concluded, "you have got here in your house the man that is wanted for the Portland place murder. Your duty is to send your

car for the police and give me up. I don't think I'll get very far. There'll be an accident, and I'll have a knife in my ribs in an hour or so after arrest. Nevertheless it's your duty as a law-abiding citizen. Perhaps in a month's time you'll be sorry, but you have no cause to think of that."

He was looking at me with bright, steady eyes. "What was your job in Rhodesia, Mr. Hannay?" he asked.

"Mining engineer," I said. "I've made my pile clear, and I've had a good time in the making of it."

"Not a profession that weakens the nerves, is it?"

I laughed. "Oh, as to that, my nerves are good enough." I took down a hunting knife from a stand on the wall and did the old Mashona trick of tossing it and catching it in my lips. That was a pretty steady feat.

He watched me with a smile. "I don't want proofs. I may be an ass on the platform, but I can size up a man. You're no murderer, and you're no fool, and I believe you are a gem of the truth. I'm going to back you up. Now, what can I do?"

"First, I want you to write a letter to your uncle. I've got to get in touch with the government people some time before the 15th of June."

He pulled his mustache. "That won't help you. This is foreign office business, and my uncle would have nothing to do with it. Besides, you'd never convince him. No, I'll do one better. I'll write to the permanent secretary at the foreign office. He's my godfather and one of the best going. What do you want?"

He sat down at a table and wrote to my dictation. The gist of it was that if a man called Twisden (I thought I had better stick to that name) turned up before June 15 he was to be treated kindly. He said Twisden would prove his bona fides by passing the word "Black Stone" and whistling "Annie Laurie."

"Good!" said Sir Harry. "That's the proper style. By the way, you'll find my godfather—his name's Sir Walter Bullivant—down at his country cottage for Whit Sunday. It's close to Artinswell on the Kennet. That's done. Now, what's the next thing?"

"You're about my height. Lend me the oldest tweed suit you've got. Anything will do, as long as the color is the opposite of the clothes I destroyed this afternoon. Then show me a map of the neighborhood and explain to me the lie of the land. Lastly, if the police come asking about me, just show them the car in the glen. If the other lot turn up tell them I caught the south express after your meeting."

He did or promised to do all these things.

I shaved off the remnants of my mustache and got inside an ancient suit of what I believe is called heather mixture. The map gave me some notion of my whereabouts and told me the two things I wanted to know—where the main railway to the south could be joined and what were the wildest districts that had been cut off.

At 2 o'clock he awakened me from my slumber in the smoking room armchair and led me blinking into the dark, starry night. An old bicycle was found in a tool shed and handed over to me.

"First turn to the right up by the long fir wood," he enjoined. By day-break you'll be well into the hills. Then I should pitch the machine into a bog and take to the moors on foot. You can put in a week among the shepherds and be as safe as if you were in New Guinea."

I pedaled diligently up steep roads of hill gravel till the skies grew pale with morning. As the mists cleared before the sun I found myself in a wide green world, with glens falling on every side and a faraway blue horizon. Here, at any rate, I could get early news of my enemies.

I sat down on the very crest of the pass and took stock of my position. Behind me was the road climbing through a long cleft in the hills which was the upper glen of some notable river. In front was a flat space of maybe a mile, all pitted with big holes and rough with tussocks.

To the left and right were round shouldered, green hills as smooth as pancakes, but to the south—that is, the left hand—there was a glimpse of high, heathery mountains, which I remembered from the map as the big knot of hill which I had chosen for my sanctuary.

I was on the central boss of a huge upland country and could see every-thing morris for miles. In the meadows below the road, half a mile back, a cottage smoked, but it was the only sign of human life. Otherwise there was only the calling of plovers and the tinkling of little streams.

It was now about 7 o'clock, and as I waited I heard once again the ominous beat in the air. Then I realized that my vantage ground might be in reality a trap. There was no cover for a moment in those bald green places.

I sat quite still and hopeless, while the beat grew louder.

Then I saw an aeroplane coming from the east. It was flying high, but as I looked it dropped several hundred

feet and began to circle around the knot of hill in narrowing circles, just as a hawk wheels before it pounces. Now it was flying very low, and now the watchman on board caught sight of me. I could see one of the two occupants examining me through glasses. Suddenly it began to rise in swift whorls, and the next I knew it was speeding eastward again till it became a speck in the blue morning.

That made me do some savage thinking. My enemies had located me, and the next thing would be a cannon round me. I didn't know what force they could command, but I was certain it would be sufficient. The aeroplane had seen my bicycle and would conclude that I would try to escape by the road. In that case there might be a chance on the moors to the right or left. I wheeled the machine a hundred yards from the highway and plunged it into a moss hole, where it sank among pondweed and water buttercups. Then I climbed to a knoll which gave me a view of the two valleys. Nothing was stirring.

I have said there was not cover in the whole place to hide a rat. As the day advanced it was flooded with soft fresh light till it had the fragrant sunniness of the South African veld. At other times I should have liked the place, but now it seemed to suffocate me. The free moorlands were prison walls, and the keen hill air was the breath of a dungeon.

I tossed a coin—heads right, tails left—and it fell heads, so I turned to the north. In a little I came to the brow of the ridge which was the containing wall of the pass.

I saw the highroad for maybe ten miles and far down it something that was moving and which I took to be a motorcar. Beyond the ridge I looked on a rolling green moor, which fell away into wooded glens. Now, my life or the veld has given me the eyes of a kite, and I can see things for which most men need a telescope.

Away down the slope, a couple of miles away, men were advancing like a row of beetles at a shoot.

I dropped out of sight behind the skyline. That way was shut to me, and I must try the bigger hills to the south beyond the highway. The car I had noticed was getting nearer, but it was still a long road off, with some very steep gradients before it. I ran hard, crouching low except in the hollows, and as I ran I kept scanning the brow of the hill before me.

Was it imagination or did I see figures—one, two, perhaps more—moving in a glen beyond the stream?

CHAPTER VII.
The Spectacled Roadman's Adventure.
If you are hemmed in on all sides in a patch of land there is only one chance of escape—you must stay in the patch and let your enemies search it and not find you. That was good sense, but how on earth was I to escape notice in that tablecloth of a place?

I would have buried myself to the neck in mud and lain below water or climbed the tallest tree. But there was not a stick of wood, the bog holes were little puddles, the stream was a slender trickle. There was nothing but short heather and bare hill betwixt me and the white highway.

Then in a tiny light of road beside a heap of stones I found the roadman. He had just arrived and was wearily flinging down his hammer. He stared at me with fishy eyes, yawning.

"Confound the day I ever left the herdin!" he said as if to the world at large. "There I was my sin maister. Now I'm a slave to the government—tethered to the roadside, w' sair een and he took like a suckle."

He took up the hammer, struck a stone, dropped the implement with an oath and put both hands to his ears. "Mercy on me! My heid's burstin'!" he cried.

He was a wild figure, about my own size, but much bent, with a week's beard on his chin and a pair of big horn spectacles.

"I canna see!" he cried again. "The surveyor man just report me. I'm for my bed!"

I asked him what was the trouble, though indeed that was clear enough. "The trouble is that I'm no sober. Last night my dochter, Merran, was waddit, and they danced till fower in the byre. Me and some other chieils sat down to the drinkin'—and here I am. Peety that I ever lookit on the wine when it was red!"

"It's easy speakin'," he moaned. "But I get a postcard yestereen sayin' that the new road surveyor would be round the day. He'll come, and he'll no find me, or else he'll find me fou, and either way I'm a done man. I'll awa back to my bed and say I'm no weel, but I doot that'll no help me for they'll say my kind o' no weelness."

Then I had an inspiration. "Does the new surveyor know you?" I asked.

"No him. He's just been a week at the job. He rins about in a wee motorcar and wad speir the inside out o' a wheel."

"Where's your house?" I asked, and was directed by a wavering finger to the cottage by the stream.

"Well, back to your bed," I said, "and sleep in peace. I'll take on your job for a bit and see the surveyor."

He stared at me blankly; then, as the notion dawned on his fuddled brain, his face broke into the vacant drunkard's smile.

"You're the billy!" he cried. "I'll be easy enech managed. I've finished that bing o' sties, so you needn't chop any more this forenoon. Just take the barry and wheel enech metal frae you quarry down the road to make another bing the morn."

(To Be Continued.)

The straw votes on presidential preferences show the drift of sentiment on the part of the people who manage the polling.

Many people are willing to go to church on Sundays when the carburetor won't work.

TODAY'S WANTS

ANNUAL SUPPER and entertainment given by St. Anthony's Parish at their hall, Colorado Avenue, Thursday evening, June 22nd. Supper served from 5 to 8 p. m. R 29 d*

REMOVAL—My real estate and insurance office is now located at 179 Golden Hill St. T. B. Warren, new Tel. 2417. R 5 d*

Foot Specialist
DR. MANSFIELD, the foot specialist, 1107 Main street over Dillon's, who was injured in the Milford wreck will resume practice first week of June. D 18 d*

SEWALKS
TAR AND CEMENT SEWALKS and roofing, blue stone and cement curbs, sand and gravel. Estimates cheerfully given. Thomas Broderick contractor. Phone 7139. 1305 North Ave. R 13 u*

Safes
SAFES—New and second hand; office and house sizes. Walter E. Marsh, 192 Fairfield Ave. A 37 d*

WANTED
SECRETARIAL POSITION BY YOUNG WOMAN
EXPERIENCED AND THOROUGHLY CAPABLE
INQUIRE,
S. J. W.
CARE FARMER

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523 Water Street

CHICHESTER'S PILLS
THE DIAMOND BRAND.
Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chichester's Diamond Brand Pills. They are the best medicine for all ailments of the female system. Sold by Druggists Everywhere.

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MAUSOLEUMS
M. G. KEANE
Stratford Av., Opp. St. Michael's Cem. BRIDGEPORT, CONN.
Phone 1396-4. Phone 1396-4

MONUMENTS
ARTISTIC—LASTING
Plant operated by pneumatic cutting and polishing tools
HUGHES & CHAPMAN
300 STRATFORD AVENUE
Phone Connection

GEORGE P. POTTER
Undertaker & Embalmer
Formerly with H. J. Bishop
Office, 1183 Broad St.
Phone 6848-2
Residence, 275 Black Rock Ave.

HAWLEY & WILMOT,
Undertakers and Embalmers
No. 168 State St., Bridgeport, Ct.
All calls, day or night, answered from office. George B. Hawley, 113 Washington Terrace; Edward H. Wilmot, 865 Clinton Ave.

M. J. GANNON
FUNERAL DIRECTOR
AND EMBALMER
1051 Broad St., near John
Phone 3493
Residence, 297 Vine St.
Phone 1350

Wm. Lieberum & Son
Embalmers and Undertakers
Office and Residence
581 MAIN STREET
Telephone Connection

ROURKE & BOUCHER
Undertakers and Embalmers
1295 MAIN STREET. Tel. 1661
Calls Answered Day or Night

JOHN F. GALLAGHER
MARGARET L. GALLAGHER
Undertakers and Embalmers
Margaret L. Gallagher, only licensed, graduate woman embalmer and undertaker in the city capable of taking entire charge of funerals. Mortuary parlors, office and residence.
571 FAIRFIELD AV. Phone 1360

FRANK POLKE & SON
EMBALMERS & UNDERTAKERS
181-197 Stratford Ave.
Phone 1590-2
Branch Office, 409 Hancock Ave. Phone 398

GIRLS WANTED

FOR BULB AND TRIMMING DEPARTMENTS

The H. O. CANFIELD CO.
HOUSATONIC AVE.
R31 d*

MEN WANTED

Steady Work—Good Pay.
Come Ready to Work.

McGee's Coal Yard
269 E. Washington Avenue.
R 31 d*

SCHOOL
THE UNIVERSITY SCHOOL, 835 Fairfield Ave. College preparatory; technical and professional schools, civil service, Hotchkiss Hill, etc. Elementary and advanced subjects—personal work with every student. Enrollment now the best preparation for summer examinations or next year's work. R 6 b*

Help Wanted Male
BOY TO LEARN the carpenter trade, one living at home preferred. Address P. O. 342. R 29 a*

Female Help Wanted
WANTED—Girl for general housework. Apply 131 Vine St. Phone 3056. R 11 d*

YOUNG LADIES, 16 to 23, education 8th grade grammar school or equivalent, to learn telephone operating. Dollars a day for 4 weeks. Rapid advancement thereafter. Permanent positions. Apply at 184 Fairfield Ave. Ask for Miss Wheeler. The Southern New England Telephone Co. R 29 d*

To Rent
TO RENT—Four room furnished flat with all improvements; centrally located; to responsible party with reference; adults only. Address I. C. L. Care of Farmer. R 31 b*

For Sale.
FOR SALE—Hudson Roadster. Inquire Commercial Garage. R 31 d*

LOBSTER POTS for sale cheap. 151 Seabright Ave./Black Rock. R 29 a*

FOR SALE—Upright piano, in good condition. If in the market, notify Piano, this office. R 29 a*

FOR SALE—Edison graphophone, cabinet and 214 Edison cylinder records. Address Edison, Care of Farmer. R 31 a*

FOR SALE—Two family house near Atlantic street, all improvements, 4 rooms each floor, 2 in attic. Address P. O. 342. R 29 a*

FOR SALE—Restaurant, good locality, and good reason for selling. Call 1333-13. R 18 a*

FOR SALE—New cottage, terms reasonable. Call evenings or Sundays. 474 Fairview Ave. R 5 d*

FOR SALE—Nine room house in West End, on easy payments. Address House, Care of Farmer. R 27 d*

FOR SALE—One large safe, practically new, bargain, see P. Anderson, 306 Fairfield Ave. U 17 *

FOR SALE—5 passenger car, good condition, ready to run, suitable for a jitney. Cheap for cash. Address W. W. P. Care of Farmer. R 17 t*

FOR SALE—At a bargain: 7 room cottage with bath, water and tubs on shore front, Silver Sands. Telephone 4580, Bridgeport. R 25 d*

BIG BARGAIN FOR QUICK BUYER.—\$3,500 cash buys a business block, with all improvements in a desirable location. Has an income of \$1,560 per year. Will sell for \$11,500; \$5,000 to remain on mortgage. If interested, call, write or phone L. Weiss, 1438 Main street. Tel. 2743-3. R 26 a*

GREATEST BARGAIN in the city in Real Estate. \$3,000 cash buys 30 room fireproof brick apartment house with all modern improvements. Has 6 baths and is located in very desirable section. Can be used as small hotel or for separate apartments. Price very reasonable if bought within a few days. Must be seen to be appreciated. Phone, write or call, L. Weiss, 1438 Main St., Phone 2743-3. U 21 a*

Upholsterers
WE WILL COVER and furnish all material for 5 piece parlor suit, guarantee all workmanship as first class, ten patterns to select from for \$12 to \$15. Scally Bros, 408 State street. R 6 d*

Ambulances

AMBULANCES—Invalid care and housework. Charges reasonable. James T. Rourke, 1295 Main street. Phone 1661. D 7 d*

Automobiles

AUTOMOBILE OWNERS ATTENTION: We can save you money on your automobile, fire and liability insurance. Give us a chance to figure before you insure elsewhere. Zaimis, Godsell & Co., No. 1094 Main street. Phone No. 31. S 2 d*

Awnings and Sail Maker
SAILS, AWNINGS, COAL BAGS. Spray Hoods, Canvas Covers, Rope Splicing. Geo. L. Harrington, 179 East Main street. Tel. 5943. R 16 c*

Clairvoyants
MRS. LEVY, readings, 25c and 50c. Telephone 5532, 152 Madison avenue, formerly of 674 Madison avenue. D 15 t*

Doctor
THE MODERN and scientific methods employed in my practice such as electric light rays, neurology, chiropractic, massage, hygiene, are in accord with nature and will improve and restore your health. Dr. Adolf O. Stenfeldt, Douglas practitioner. Security Building. Tel. 6783; consultation free. B 17 *

JEWELRY
DIAMONDS on credit—Diamonds, watches and solid gold. Exclusive designs. Weekly payments. Will call Rothblum, 425 State St. downtown. R 9 t*

Furniture
SCALLY BROS., 105 STATE ST. Largest dealers of second hand furniture in the state. We pay more than others; we have no rent to pay. R 10 a*

Insurance
DAMAGE IS ABOUT ALL fire can do to your property. Insurance costing 1-2c a day protects you. All the particulars at D. B. Booth & Co., Conn. Bank Building. R 15 t*

Inventors
WANTED—Inventors to send for one of my booklets on U. S. and Foreign patent. Mercer D. Blondel, Patent Solicitor. Conn. National Bank building. B 27 t*

A YOUNG MAN of good habits would like a position around a hotel, restaurant or business. Address W. J. Smith, 116 Wall Street. U 5 d*

Merchants' Exchange
Edwin Smith & Co. Dealers in guns, fishing tackle and sporting goods. Keys fitted, locks repaired, saws filed, door checks put on and repaired talking machines, steel tape and light repairing of all kinds at Smith's Gun Store, 95 Wall St., Tel. 4233-3.

RUBBER STAMPS made by us are reliable, we carry a complete line of stamps, supplies, ink pads, date, rubber type, etc. The Schwedert Stamp Co., 41 Cannon St. G 18 d*

Shoe Repairing
GOODYEAR SHOE REPAIRING CO., 78 John St., and 945 East Main street. No connection with other so-called Goodyear Shops. We call and deliver. Tel. 1391. Winfield S. Black, Prop. U 1 t*

ENGRAVED Wedding Announcements, 100 complete with two sets of envelopes for \$6.50. Southworth's, 10 Arcade. L 19 t*

Unclassified
NOW IS THE TIME to get your lead-ers, gutters and roofs repaired. Satisfaction guaranteed. P. C. Brown, 1443 North Ave., Bridgeport, Conn. R 4 d*

WILL THIS PARTY who took the bag of money at 10:40 Thursday morning at Dublin's market on Seaview avenue return same immediately and avoid trouble. R 4 s*

AGENTS—Our household specialties are big sellers; labor savers for housewife. Nice profit. Write for free booklet. The Powell Co., Box 144, B.B., Boston, Mass. U 8 a* 6 6 6

HATCHING EGGS FOR SALE—S. C. White Leghorns, \$1.50 for 15. White Plains Poultry Farm, Postoffice Box 105, Trumbull, Conn. U 10 a*

WHITE WYANDOTTE EGGS \$2 and \$5 per setting from prize winning stock. Day old chicks 20c. J. J. Lynch, 466 Fairview Ave., Bridgeport, Conn. S 4 b*

HATCHING EGGS—S. C. Buff Orpingtons from the world's best strain, Owen Farm stock, \$2.50 per 15; S. C. White Leghorns, Barron strain, \$1.00 per 15. Hollister Heights Poultry Yard, Thompson St., Box 208, Stratford. U 22 b*

Stoves Repaired
STOVES REPAIRED, all kinds scrap-ers, all makes, pipes, grates, bricks, etc. Charges reasonable. 1715 Main St. Phone 2349-4. G 8 t*

Farmer Want Ads. One Cent a Word

Physical Treatment

LOUIS E. NUTTING, physical treatment by hand, electricity or manipulation. Rooms 213-214, City Savings Bank, 933 Main street. Office hours: week days 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. R 1 t*

Positions Wanted
WANTED—Position by refined elderly lady, as housekeeper or companion. Address 15 Ridgewood Place. J 26 d*

WANTED—Position by two men on farm. Experienced and capable. Apply 282 - Fairfield, John Lacey. R 25 d*

WANTED—Position on farm with house rent by married man. Address T. J. Hildebrand, General Delivery, City. R 8 a*

WANTED POSITION as violinist. Will also take a few violin pupils. Daniel Callet, 483 Arctic St., Bridgeport. R 28 d*

WANTED—By man and wife, place as coachman and housework. Call 181 Orland street. R 2 d*

WORK WANTED—Any kind of work by man not afraid of work. 1519 Seaview Ave., 2nd floor. U 17 d*

MUSICIAN—First class experienced violinist wants position. Address Sileux, Care of McConnell, 234 Charles Street, Bridgeport. U 10 a*

YOUNG MAN would like to learn any part of machinist's trade. State salary to start. Address H. Stride, 30 Elm St., City. S 6 d*

POSITION WANTED—Woman about 40 wants position to do general housework, no pastry. N. B. Care of General Delivery, Post Office. U 13 d*

WANTED—Situation as waitress in private family or taking care of aged or convalescent. Tel. 212-2, Milford. U 11 d*

WANTED—Position by English girl as chambermaid, waitress or nurse girl to one child. Reliable. Address A. Hugh, Care of Mrs. Howes, 1888 East Main Street. S 7 d*

HANDY MAN with tools desires a situation, has been a travelling man for years. L. Hawkshurst